AVIATION STORIES and Mechanics

SOUVENIR NUMBER

LINDBERGH'S

TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT

25¢

AVIATION STORIES *and* MECHANICS

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Photograph on the cover is by Wide World, taken as the "Spirit of St. Louis" left San Diego for its history making flight

EDITORIAL

THE initial issue of *Aviation Stories and Mechanics* has been hastened by the daring of that young American, Captain Charles Lindbergh, whose history making feat in bridging the gulf from New York to Paris by a non-stop flight has set a world agog with excitement and praise of the performance. Just as the feat added new impetus to commercial aviation and all branches of aeronautics in general, so to it hastened the publishers of this venture to commemorate its entry before the public by a souvenir edition dedicated to the American hero, Captain Lindbergh.

***All we can* add to the millions of words of praise sung in behalf of this daring navigator is that we are happy such a fine type of American youth is now representing this nation among our European neighbors and perhaps doing more than any one single agency toward bringing about universal peace and international good will.**

***The purpose* of this magazine will be, by depicting the various branches of aeronautics, to further commercial aviation in whatever manner possible. Fiction necesssary to stimulate the mind and excite the imagination will be supplied. The primary mechanics of aviation will be dealt with in the next issue. All text will be profusely illustrated that the young as well as the old mind will have little difficulty in grasping the writer's point of view. Contributors are especially welcome to its pages and interesting photographs are especially desired. We are confident of a tremendous new interest in commercial aviation due to the success of Captain Lindbergh's flight and are sanguine of a hearty welcome to the journalistic field by our endeavor. Next issue we promise you much more in the way of a magazine and trust we have succeeded in making this number sufficiently attractive that you will preserve it as a memento of a daring American's successful venture. Surely his name deserves ranking with that of Boone, Carson, Crockett and other single-handed Americans.**

Captain Charles Augustus Lindbergh

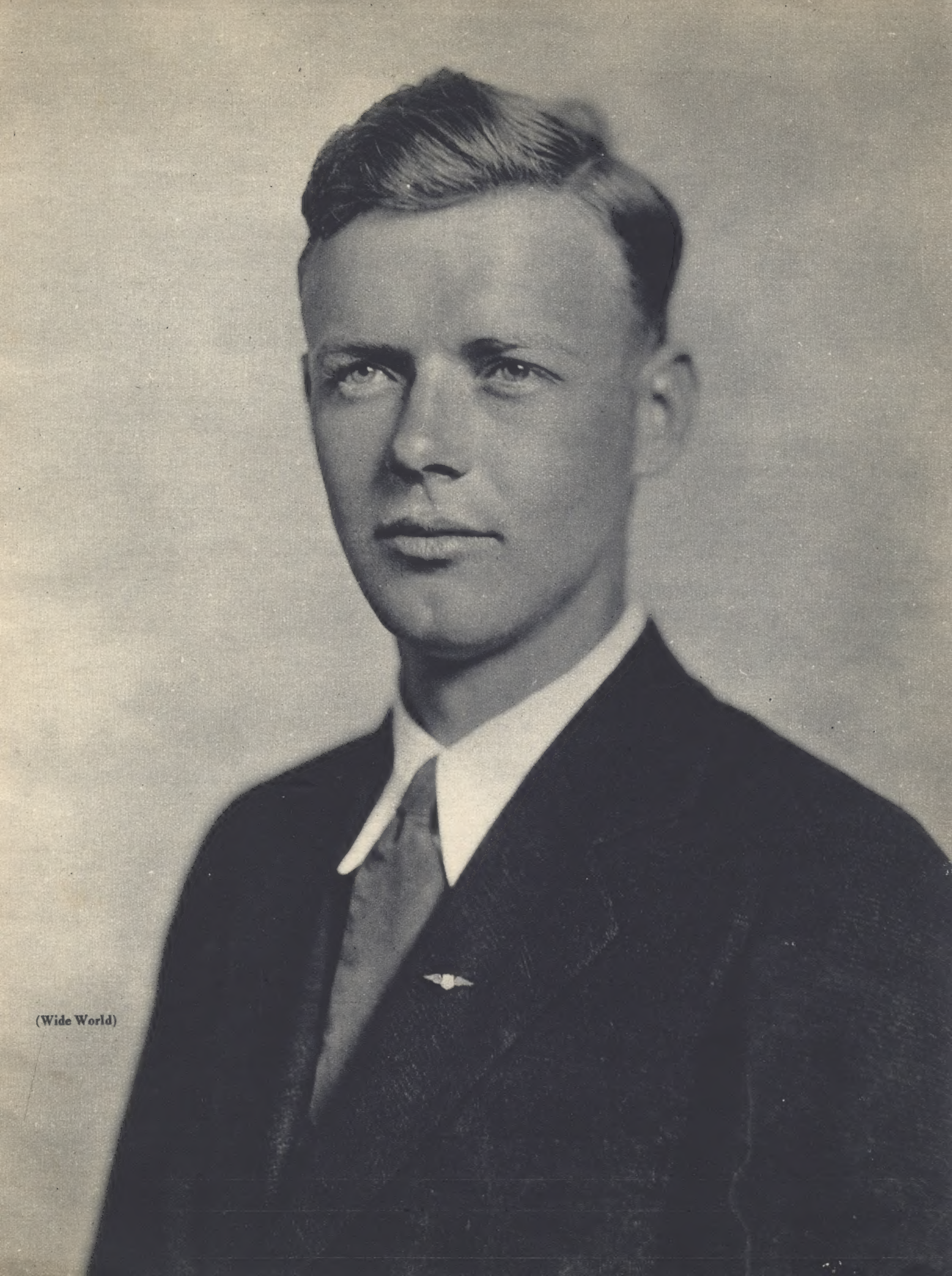
CHARLEY ("Slim") Lindbergh was born in Detroit, Michigan, twenty-five years ago to parents of Swedish descent. As a child he was taken to Little Falls, Minnesota. His father died in 1924 while a member of Congress from that State. His mother is now a teacher of chemistry in the Detroit public schools.

Charley was graduated from the high school in Little Falls and attended the University of Wisconsin in 1921. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs 175 pounds. Everywhere he was appropriately called "Slim" by his associates.

His speech is laconic; his demeanor is modest to the point of shyness. An outstanding physical characteristic is his clear, blue eyes. His complexion is fair, his cheeks rosy. His general appearance is youth in perfect health. He learned to fly in 1921 at Lincoln, Nebraska, making his first solo flight in 1923. He entered the United States Army as a cadet flyer in 1924, getting primary instruction at Brooks Field, Texas, and pursuit instruction at Kelly Field, ending his army flying in 1925. From April, 1926, to December, 1926, he was in the St. Louis-Chicago air mail service. He is Captain and flight commander of the 110th Observation Squadron, Missouri National Guard.

Captain Lindbergh is the ace of the Caterpillar Club, composed of airmen who have been forced to jump with parachutes from airplanes to save their lives. He has made four such jumps; the first while training in Texas, another at Lambert-St. Louis field and the other two while in the air mail service. No other airman in America has made four forced jumps.

His notable flight preceding the flight to Paris was his jump from San Diego to St. Louis and a day later to New York, completing the first one-man flight across the continent.



(Wide World)

The Story of the First New-York-to-Paris Non-Stop Flight

The Navigator

ALONG with Balboa, Columbus, Magellan and dozens of other fearless navigators, we must now chronicle the name of Lindbergh. We place the name of Lindbergh at the top of American navigators. Who knows but that he is a descendant of those hardy Norsemen who made fearless attempts to reach our shores long before the embarkation of Columbus on his first voyage of discovery? Nungesser and Coli, those fearless French flyers, had not been heard of at the time of Lindbergh's take-off for distant Paris. No one cared to risk the attempt, yet no one had the courage to try to dissuade this young navigator. His every action denoted confidence and it was the sort of confidence that made those around him feel the hazard was inconsequential.

"HE TRAVELS FASTEST WHO TRAVELS ALONE." And so it was with Lindbergh. Had he been accompanied and misfortune befallen him, it would have been he on whom the burden of blame would have been placed. For, like Columbus, he fashioned his own ship, secured the necessary backing and, in fact, single handed and alone planned the whole voyage. Lindbergh, the navigator!! Almost 10,000 feet in the air he drove his plane to escape the sleet. Had he allowed it to form on the plane it would have meant certain destruction. Magnanimously he said that Nungesser and Coli would probably have fared better had they set out from New York to Paris instead of from Paris to New York. Had they done this the pervailing westerly winds would have favored them as they did Lindbergh. With the aid of a map, periscope to see obstacles in front, an earth induction compass, and a magnetic compass, Lindbergh, the navigator, performed the outstanding feat of the twentieth century, flying the broad Atlantic from New York to Paris, a distance of approximately 3600 miles in 33½ hours, or an average of 107½ miles per mour. During the entire trip he veered from his course only to the extent of three miles!

The Ship

THE "Spirit of St. Louis," Captain Lindbergh's transatlantic ship, is a monoplane built especially for the New York-to-Paris flight by the Ryan Airlines of San Diego, California. It has a wing spread of 46 feet, a fuselage 28 feet long and is constructed of steel tubing.

Fully loaded for the trip the plan weighed 4750 pounds, of which 2745 pounds was taken up by 425 gallons of gasoilne and 28 gallons of oil. With this load the plane had a high speed of 123 miles an hour and a cruising speed of 105 miles. Lindbergh's seat was in a wicker chair in the enclosed cabin. The ship is so constructed that he has no vision forward, except that furnished by the periscope which arises from the fuselage above the pilot's seat. It is possible for him to get a look to the sides and below through glass windows on each side which can be opened. There is a frosted skylight above his head, but it affords no view upward.

The plane is powered by a J-5 225-horsepower Wright radial motor, an air-cooled affair, the nine cylinders of which are grouped about a central crank case like the spokes of a wheel about the hub.

The most elaborate feature of the plane is its equipment of instruments, which include one to calculate the drift caused by winds, an earth inductor, far more reliable than the old magnetic compass, and a bank and turn indicator which shows the pilot the position of his plane even when the horizon is not visible. The rest of the instrument board is taken up with the usual flying instruments, including air speedomoter, tachometer, temperature gauges and clock.

The Departure

At 7:51 A.M., Friday, May 20th, 1927, Captain Lindbergh took off in his plane, the "Spirit of St. Louis," at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, New York. His destination was Paris, approximately 3600 miles distant. Weather conditions were reported favorable.

The Log

At 9:05 the "Spirit of St. Louis" was observed by residents of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, flying in northeasterly direction.

At 9:40, flying low and the figures NX-211 plainly visible to residents of Halifax, Massachusetts.

12:25 P.M.—First observed over Nova Scotia, at Cape St. Mary, ten miles from Metaghan.

1:50 P.M.—Over Milford, Hants County, 30 miles north of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

3:05 P.M.—Passed over Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, on the Strait of Conso, which separates Nova Scotia from Cape Breton Island.

4:00 P.M.—Passed over Mainadieu, eastermost tip of Nova Scotia, heading toward Newfoundland, 200 miles distant.

7:45 P.M.—The "Spirit of St. Louis" distinctly seen as it passed over St. Johns, Newfoundland.

8:10 A.M.—Wireless received by residents of Cape Race, Newfoundland, report Lindberg 500 miles off Irish Coast.

12:30 P.M.—Belfast, Ireland, reports Lindbergh over Dingle Bay, Ireland.

2:06 P.M.—Government wireless at Valencia, Ireland, says Collier Nogi sights the "Spirit of St. Louis" near Dingle.

The "Spirit of St. Louis" on its first leg of the historic flight →
(International)

N-X-211
RYAN
NYP

2:18 P.M.—Civic Guard of Cork, Ireland, reports plane passing over Smerwick Harbor, Ireland.

2:50 P.M. (Greenwich time)—London Press Association dispatch says the "Spirit of St. Louis" was sighted 100 miles off the coast of Ireland.

3:30 P.M. (Eastern Daylight time)—Reported over Cherbourg, France.

5:21 P.M. (Eastern Daylight time)—The "Spirit of St. Louis" lands safely at Le Bourget Field outside Paris, France.

The Arrival

Captain Lindbergh's approach of his destination was facilitated by rockets and bright lights sent up from Le Bourget Field. He had a mistaken idea of the direction of Le Bourget from Paris, and, fearing a mistake, again circled the city of Paris before finally determining that he was being guided correctly by the rockets and lights. Being anxious to land at the field where he was awaited, to his dismay he discovered no other field in the proximity. He decided he was being awaited at the source of the light, and soon landed with ease and safety only to experience a peril which to him was greater than the oceanic flight. A sea of humanity rushed to greet him and only by the heroic efforts of the French police was this daring navigator delivered to the waiting welcome of American Ambassador to France, Myron Herrick. The "Spirit of St. Louis" was saved from the ravages of a wild mob likewise by the capable French police.

The Reception

There is no spot on the civilized globe that would not have accorded Captain Lindbergh the same sort of reception he received from the impulsive people of France. While it is true that unusual ties bind this country to ours, it is not doubtful that had Captain Lindbergh chosen London, Vienna, Brussels or Berlin as his destination, and meeting with the same degree of success, that he would have been tendered a similar ovation in either city.

At the time of this chronicling Captain Lindbergh is being deluged with honors of the highest that can be bestowed. France, the impulsive, has not witnessed anything like the furor created by Captain Lindbergh's success since the days of the Armistice. One of Captain Lindbergh's first thoughts was to call upon the mother of the unfortunate Nungesser who a short time previous made an unsuccessful attempt to do what the American naxigator accomplished. This immediately won to the likable American any of the French people who may have been harboring ill feeling toward the United States for political reasons. The French aviators who Captain Lindbergh later toasted as "the finest in the world" were unstinted in their praise of the plucky American. No evidence of jealousy was noted during Captain Lindbergh's stay on foreign soil.

In accepting the tremendous ovations received everywhere he went, Captain Lindbergh conducted himself in a manner that astonished and elicited the admiration of the most capable diplomats in the world. The most exclusive society of the Old World entertained this modest chap from "somewhere in the Middle West," and likened his conduct to that of Benjamin Franklin, who won the hearts of the French people many years before by his simplicity, modesty and frankness.

Foremost of the congratulatory messages received by Captain Lindbergh and the one probably most prized was that of our President, Calvin Coolidge. It read:

"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE REJOICE WITH ME AT THE TERMINATION OF YOUR HEROIC FLIGHT. THE FIRST NON-STOP FLIGHT OF A LONE AVIATOR ACROSS THE ATLANTIC CROWNS THE RECORD OF AMERICAN AVIATION, AND IN BRINGING THE GREETINGS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO FRANCE YOU LIKEWISE CARRY THE ASSURANCE OF OUR ADMIRATION OF THOSE INTREPID FRENCHMEN, NUNGESSER AND COLI, WHOSE BOLD SPIRITS FIRST VENTURED ON YOUR EXPLOIT, AND LIKEWISE A MESSAGE OF OUR CONTINUED ANXIETY CONCERNING THEIR FATE."

Senator Borah said: "The Spirit of American youth incarnate—the Spirit which charms and subdues to its purpose all things! Nothing could be more simple, sincere and courageous. It ought to lift every American boy into the atmosphere of the heroic—life is worth while. I have been thrilled by the audacity and daring of this splendid youth and have been unable to work today."

From Admiral Eberle: "Extend to Captain Lindbergh the Navy Department's warmest congratulations on his wonderful flight from New York to Paris."

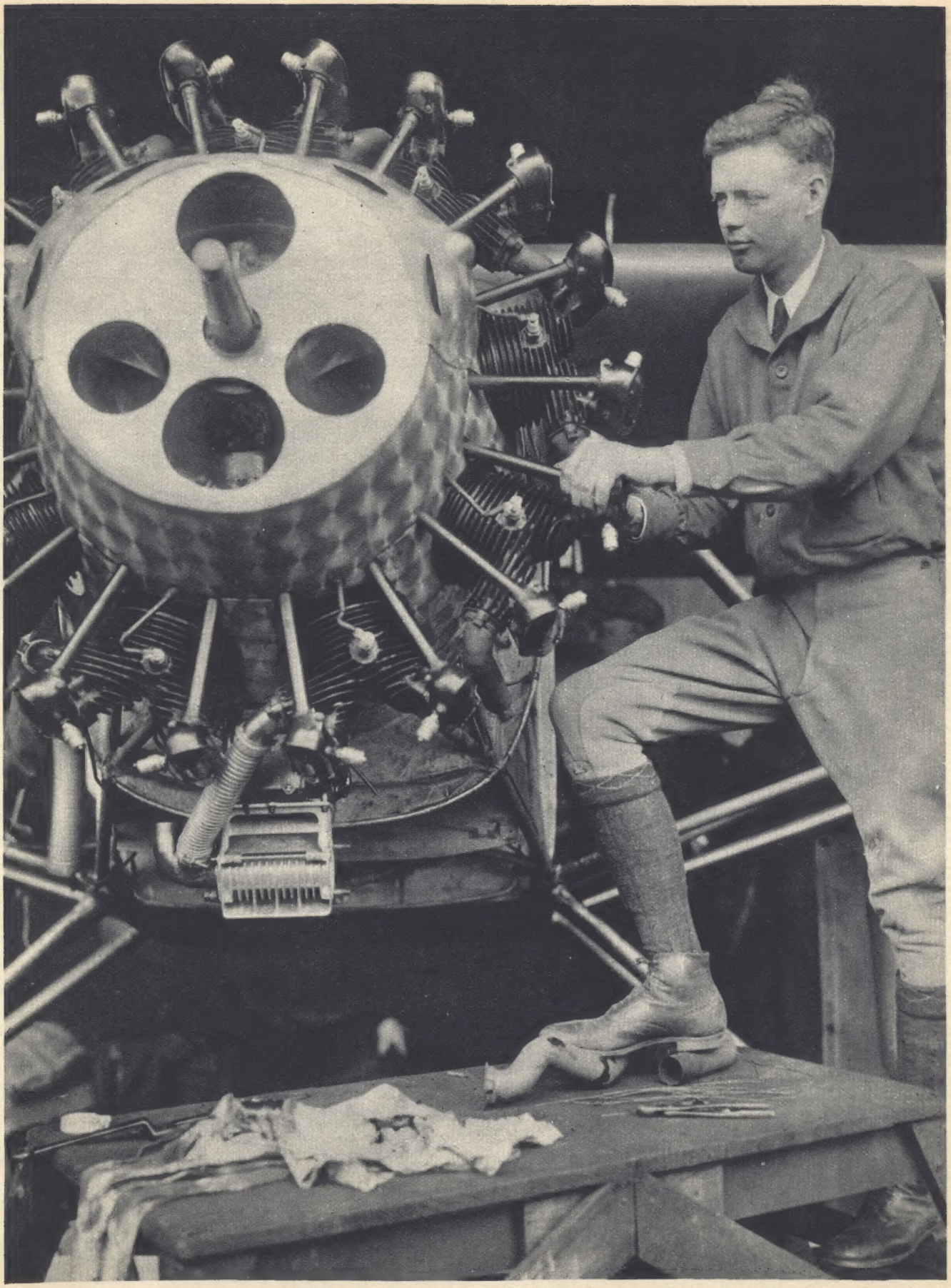
Postmaster General New wired Lindbergh's mother: "I offer the congratulations of the Post Office Department on your son's marvelous accomplishment. He has contributed the most notable chapter in the history of aviation. It is a matter of special pride to the Post Office Department that one of the pilots of the air mail has set this standard for all aviators to shoot at. You can't beat those boys anywhere in any service in the world."

The Governor of Missouri cabled his warm congratulations as well as the National Guard of Missouri, of which Captain Lindbergh is a member.

Vice President Dawes: "Along with the gratification that the American people feel for the splendid achievement of Lindbergh is the profound sorrow for the probable loss of Nungesser and Coli, with glorious records won in both war and peace. Their names will be forever remembered with that of Lindbergh"

Sir Thomas Lipton (in Chicago): "I take my hat off to Lindbergh. He's a grand boy."

The Navigator inspects his motor preparatory to starting on his memorable flight
(International)



Lindbergh Tells of His Trip

TELLING of his New York to Paris flight in a speech at the luncheon given in his honor by the American Club of Paris, Captain Lindbergh said:

"Gentlemen, I am not going to express my appreciation of the reception I have had here from Paris and the French. I would be unable to do so in words. But I will tell you a little about the flight from New York, and I believe you will be more intested in that than anything I can say, because I am not used to public speaking.

Success Meant Much

"We first considered this project last fall in St. Louis. We had one of the most successful air races there that has ever been made, so we decided to organize a flight, and at that time the Atlantic flight from New York to Paris seemed to be the greatest achievement we could consider—although there are other projects that would be greater—also because a flight from New York to Paris meant a good deal to us.

"There is no other country after America in which we would rather land than France, and I believe the name of the plane itself, 'Spirit of St. Louis', was meant to convey a certain meaning to the people of France. I hope it has.

"There was a good deal of consideration of the type of plane to be used in the flight, but the single-motored was considered the best, and the reason for not carrying an observer was that we could carry more gasoline without one. It was impossible to miss the coastline of Europe, but we might have missed the coast of France by a few hundred miles if we had not carried enough fuel.

Praises His Motor

"The order for the plane was placed in San Diego. The motor of this plane is, I consider, one of the best types made in America. The record of the Wright motors is greater than that of any other type.

"After visiting San Diego, I awaited favorable weather conditions in the United States to make the flight to New York. It was during that time the immortal Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli, left France, and as I have said before, on a much greater flight from France to America, because they were knowingly going into greater difficulties on account of wind and weather than from America to France.

"Unfortunately, they probably met on the western coast with as bad weather conditions as ever existed.

All in Day's Work

"During four days I was tied up in San Diego awaiting clearer weather to go to New York. Finally we left San Diego one evening, flying over the mountains during the night, and arrived in St. Louis. Then from St. Louis we went to New York. In New York we were again delayed by weather conditions and it was necessary to check up, but nothing beyond inspection was done to either the motor or the plane.

"The machine had already done 6,200 miles—over 61 hours. I think this demonstrates the reliability of the commercial motor of today and demonstrates also the reliability of planes of modern construction.

"We finally decided to leave New York, upon receiving fairly good weather reports, and after working on the plane and making ready for the flight, we left New York at 7:52 in the morning (Friday, May 20). (Lindbergh habitually refers to himself and his plane as "we.")

"Weather conditions were satisfactory over Newfoundland, but after leaving the coast it was necessary to fly over 10,000 feet because of sleet.

Plowed Through Fog

"Then at night we flew over 6,000 to 10,000 feet, but in the daytime we plowed through the fog. We finally picked up a course definitely about three miles north of the point on the west coast of Ireland which we had hoped to reach.

"I want to say that the fact that we came within three miles of that point was an accident. Had it been 25 miles, it might have been navigation.

"During the entire trip, I saw no ship at any time. The first trace of a human being was a small fishing boat, probably 50 miles from Ireland. Several hours after leaving Newfoundland I saw the lights of one boat. There were large ice fields.

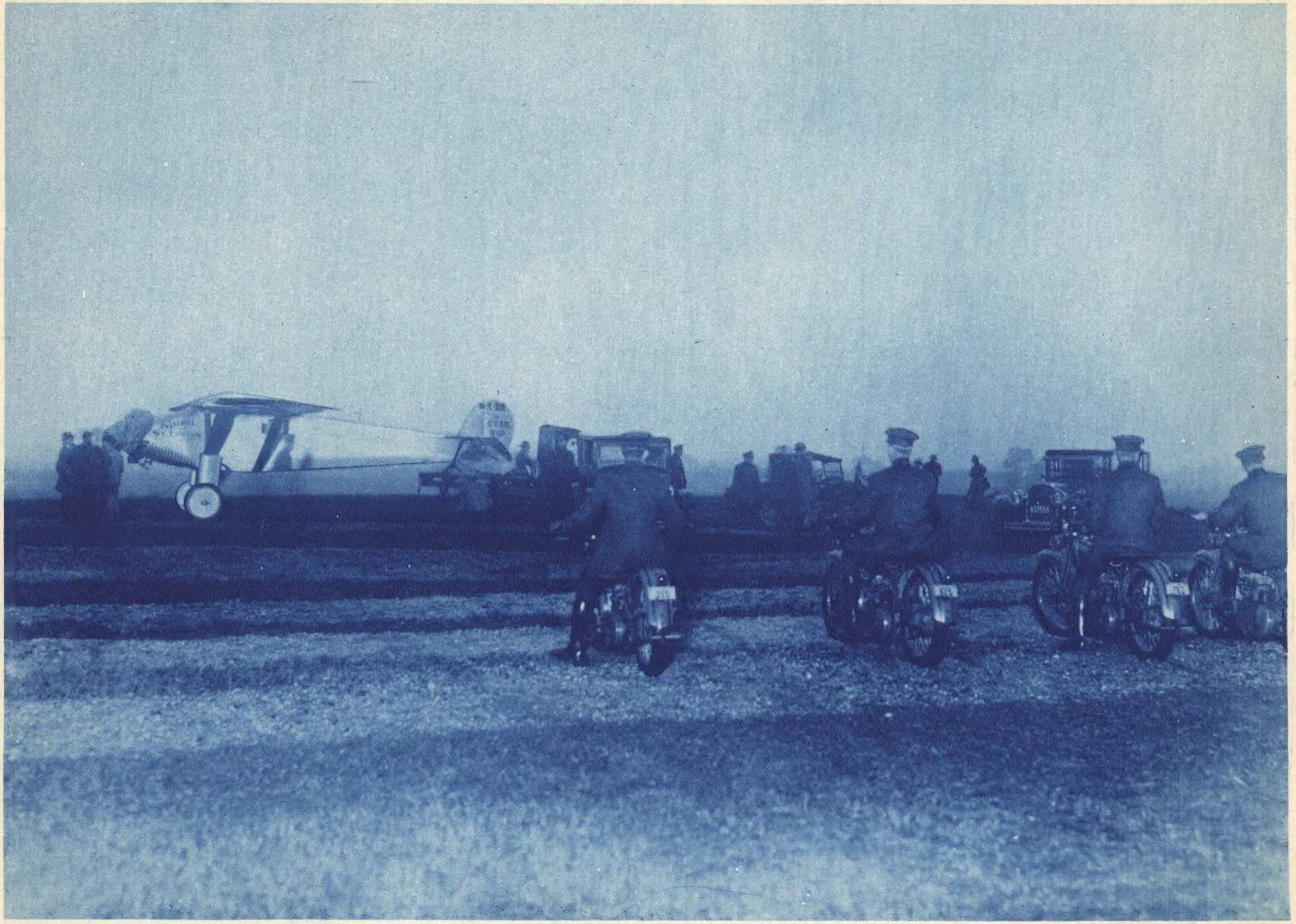
"My time is very short now and I believe I will be unable to tell you more of my flight at present. I hope I haven't taken up too much of your time as it is."

FOR PUZZLE FANS: In flying 3600 miles to Paris in 33½ hours, how many more hours of darkness or daylight did Captain Lindbergh encounter than if he had flown the same length of time over the city of New York? Conversely, if he had flown from Paris to New York, how many more hours of darkness or daylight would he have encountered than if he had flown the same period over Paris? *Answer next month in Aviation Stories and Mechanics.*

Lindbergh Excitement Fatal

Aberdeen, Wash.—Intensely excited over news of Capt. Charles Lindbergh's safe arrival in Paris, Richard Barrett, 60, fell dead on the street here this afternoon as he reached for a newspaper extra.

Just before the start in the early dawn of the Long Island morning when Captain Lindbergh hopped off



Sidelights of Captain Lindbergh's Achievement

Commander Richard E. Byrd, in speaking of Lindbergh's success, said: "This thing that he has done is almost superhuman. His feat is one of the greatest individual accomplishments in all history. It will be of inestimable value to the progress of aviation. I congratulate Charles Lindbergh from the bottom of my heart."

While a member of Congress Captain Lindbergh's father was known as "the early bird of Congress." During his twenty years of active participation in Minnesota politics he was never known for being late but always on schedule. While a candidate for Governor of Minnesota in 1925 he was taken seriously ill with a brain tumor and died on May 25th of that year. His son, flying over their farm, scattered his ashes in accordance with a dying wish.

The first hour after news of the success of Captain Lindbergh reached New York City over 200 congratulatory messages were reported received by cable companies for transmission to Paris. Over 1500 were recorded during the next twelve hours.

Pittsburgh celebrated the news of Lindbergh's success in a noisy manner. Dispatches said that not since the Pirates won the World's Championship two years ago has the city seen a similar demonstration.

Columbus sailed from Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492, arriving at San Salvador October 12; time elapsed, 69 days.

The Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth, England, September 6, 1620, and arrived at Cape Cod November 9, 66 days later.

Dreadnaught, Yankee clipper ship, sailed from New York June 15, 1859, arrived at Cape Clear, Ireland, on June 27th. Time elapsed 12 days,

Savannah, first steamship to cross the Atlantic, from Savannah, Georgia to Liverpool, leaving Savannah May 24, 1819, crossing in 27 days.

Great Eastern, famous early steamship, sailed from Needles, off Southampton, England, June 17, 1860, arrived at New York June 28; time elapsed, 9 days.

Mauretania sailed from New York to Cherbourg in September, 1924; time elapsed, 5 days, 1 hour and 48 minutes.

Zeppelin dirigible Zer-3 (later Los Angeles) sailed from Frederickshafen, Germany, October 12, 1924, arrived at Lakehurst, N. J., October 15th; time elapsed, 81 hours, 17 minutes.

British biplane (Alcock-Brown) took off at St. Johns, Newfoundland, June 14th, 1919, and arrived at Clifden, Ireland, June 15th; time elapsed, 16 hours 12 minutes.

Lindbergh; New York to Paris; time elapsed, 33½ hours.

Lindbergh Has an "I Ask You"

USUALLY Captain Lindbergh when in society waits to be spoken to before speaking, but one evening in the intimate atmosphere of the little party given him at the United States Embassy, he volunteered what is believed to be the only story he told since his arrival, except that of the flight.

"A little while after the St. Louis-Chicago mail air line was opened," he said, "the Department of Commerce sent an inspector out to see about it. This inspector may have had good qualities, but the boys felt that he didn't know much about flying. So some of them played a little joke on him.

"They went on the sly to the hotel room, where the inspector was to sleep, in a certain little Illinois town, removed the sheet from the bed and doubled the bottom sheet from the top, so that it looked like the usual two sheets—what we used to call an apple-pie bed. Well, the inspector undressed and slipped, as he thought, between the sheets, but his feet hit the fold in the sheet, and no matter how hard he pushed he couldn't stretch out. The tighter he held the top hem and the harder he kicked the tighter the folded sheet became.

"He couldn't understand, so he got up and took the entire bed to pieces, trying to discover where the trouble lay. It was said afterward that he made a report to the Department on the inadequate bedding in some Illinois hotels."

Lindbergh's Plane Cost Only $13,000

Roosevelt Field.—The actual cost of Captain Lindbergh's plane, exclusive of instruments and engines was $6,000. It was built and ready to fly in sixty days. The instruments and motor cost $6,900, bringing the total to about $13,000. The "Spirit of St. Louis" has been flown by only one man, Captain Lindbergh. He took it up on its first flight, made all the load tests, flew it here from St. Louis and has now set it down in France.

The Navigator and his Mother, Evangeline L. Lindbergh

(International)

Spirit
of
Louis

Mexico Lauds Lindbergh

Mexico City.—To the applause which all the world is lavishing on Captain Lindbergh, the Mexican newspapers are contributing profuse expressions of praise. "Lindbergh's unbreakable physical resistance, reckless valor, incomparable energy and audaciousness," says Excelsior, "have gained a triumph unprecedented in aviation, giving to the United States the glory of having such a hero. Lindbergh typifies all the force of a significant race, all the formidable boldness of the most powerful people on earth. Henry Ford, Theodore Roosevelt, Lindbergh —these are the breed of a nation with stupendous vitality, colossal strength and enormous self-confidence, which give it today world domination such as Rome and Spain had in their prime for the same reasons. Probably final complete subjugation of the air to the will of man will be the work of this powerful nation, which has made such enormous progress in aviation." El Universal says it thinks of Lindbergh as "representing eternal, inextinguishable youth." "One of the finest things of all," it adds, "is the frank and generous spirit with which all the world has hailed the triumph, with an absence of envy and with spontaneous sincere joy in the performance of a great and glorious deed."

Nobel Peace Prize

Paris.—The Petit Parisien today nominates Captain Charles A. Lindbergh for the Nobel peace prize. This newspaper declares that Lindbergh has "united France and America" and that his flight across the Atlantic has done as much for peace and understanding as the Locarno pact drawn up by M. Briand, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Herr Stresemann.

Ye Home Town

Little Falls, Minn.—Pandemonium broke loose with the announcement that Captain Lindbergh, who grew to manhood here, had completed his New York-Paris flight. A blaring band added to the din, whistles shrieked and bells rang. Quickly a somewhat disordered, happy parade got under way. From the local board of commerce went this cablegram: "Greetings from Little Falls. You have accomplished that which your home town knew you could do. Little Falls is celebrating your achievement."

Captain Lindbergh's first words on landing at Le Bourget Field in France were: "I am Charles Lindbergh."

This was confirmed to Stephane Lauzanne, managing editor of LE MATIN, by the flyer, who was personally questioned to clear up conflicting stories and rumors of what the daring aviator first said on landing.

AEROPLANE DEATH CALL

TOLD BY THE PILOT.

THE Major of the Long Island, New York, aerdrome stood at the door of the many windowed watchtower, gazing unseeing into the bank of the whiteness of the fog that swept in from the Atlantic.

The Twentieth Century Limited, Oceanic Aviation Company, was expected momentarily. Against orders one of their ships had left the flying field near Paris.

It had been the same all the morning, and on all the nearby aerodromes machines were waiting until a clearance should allow them to complete their journey.

It had been trying. Both pilots and passengers were anxious to get home, and hardly able to believe in the existence of fog at the one important place while so fine elsewhere. No wonder, therefore, that the Major was inclined to be irritable.

"Why stay on any longer?" he muttered. "No machine could possibly land—indeed, who'd be fool enough to come near us on a day like this?" He frowned at the fog, thinking of the loss to the company that it caused by the cessation of traffic.

In Paris, at Le Bourget Field, however, a little drama was being enacted under very different conditions. There the sky was clear and the wind light; and the officials were having great diffi- that she could not get to Roosevelt Field.

"There is fog there, madam," said one gently.

"Fog! Nonsense!" said she irascibly. "It's a beautiful day. You must let me go—it's my son — he's dangerously ill — they've sent for me—and if you won't take me I may never see him alive again!" She burst into tears.

"Oh! hang it all, I'll take her," said one of the pilots standing near. "It's clear most of the way, and fog has a habit of dispersing suddenly."

The old lady dried her tears, and after the usual preliminaries the journey began.

When the Major heard the disqueting news that one of his machines had left Paris for Long Island in spite of the adverse weather reports, he was furious.

"Tell the pilot to land at Halifax," he directed the wireless operator. "He can't possibly come on here. Why on earth they let him start, I can't imagine. Has he any passengers?"

"One, sir."

"Silly idiot! What do we have a weather office for if they ignore the reports?"

The Major, becoming slightly incoherent, walked over to the window, fuming.

Meanwhile the incoming 'plane saw no sign of fog. In due course he landed at Halifax and found the weather perfect. Here the old lady became obstreperous again.

"Where are we, Mr. Pilot" she demanded. "This isn't New York! I might just as well have

New Earth Indicator Compass Used by Capt. Lindbergh

In the next issue of *Aviation Stories and Mechanics* full description and pictures will be published of the marvelous instruments which helped navigate the "Spirit of St. Louis" across the Atlantic

stayed in Paris. My poor son—what shall I do?"

The harrassed pilot escaped from this tirade and made his way to the weather office. Here he learned that the fog was localized only at his destination, and as there was a possibility of it moving off he decided to carry on, on the off chance. He would have enough petrol to return ——if conditions were still unfavorable.

"Tell them I'm just coming over to have a look at 'em," he said; "but wait until I've started." And off they went.

The Major stood aghast when he got the message.

"There's thick fog here," he explained patiently into the telephone. "Didn't you know?"

"Oh, yes," answered the pilot; "but it may lift by the time I get to you."

"There's no chance of it lifting yet, my son—you'd better get back."

"Can you hear me?" said the pilot. "Your signals are very weak."

"Yes, I can," said the Major. "Report in the usual way when you get back to ——."

"Do you know," came those annoying tones, "I think your works are wrong—can't hear you at all now."

The Major put down his headphones. "Confound the fellow—I suppose he'll turn back when he sees the fog. Ah! there he is."

The low note of the twin engines could be heard in the distance, but instead of fading again it became louder and louder, until it was apparent that the machine was over the aerodrome.

The pilot had wound in his aerial preparatory to landing, and so was cut off from the voice of authority as far as telephony was concerned. The Major hurried out of the office on to the balcony. His rocket crew were at their posts, he trusted. Cold and damp, no doubt—so was everybody!

Above, the machine could be heard circling round. The Major shook his fist at it. "Go away, you fool!" he bellowed. "Go away. You want a rocket, I suppose, to tell you where we are. Not if I know it! You go right away!"

It is not beyond the realms of possibility and probability that faster and larger planes will span the oceans of the world and the lands thereof. _Aviation Stories and Mechanics_ is fortunate in securing this bizarre tale that has the earmarks of probability from the conception of speed, planes and accessibility of use.

Just then, to his horror, he heard a rocket go off. This would expose the exact position of the aerodrome to the pilot and indicate permission to land. Sure enough, the pilot immediately shut off his engines, and distinctly audible all over the aerodrome was the sound of the wind whistling through the wires as he came lower and lower.

The Major was purple with rage.

"Who let that ruddy thing off?" he thundered. "Stand clear! Everybody stand clear! Oh, Lor'! Oh, Lor'! which way is he coming?" It seemed an age. At last, to the relief of innumerable souls, the engines started up with a roar and the machine sheered off.

"The ass might have knocked the canteen down—to say nothing of wrecking himself," growled the Major. "I suppose he didn't realize how low he was. You can't see a foot in front of your face outside."

He went into the office and took up the 'phones. "Hell! Has that fool got his aerial out again? Yes? Well, switch me on—— Hello, Huntley! What the hell are you up to? Wanted to have a look at us—— Is that any reason why you should frighten the lives out of all of us? I told you all along that you couldn't get down here! What's this? Just a minute."

At this moment the wireless operator came over with a troubled expression on his face. "Message from Halifax, sir. The fog has closed in on them now. Quite impossible for a machine to land there, they say."

The look of anxiety spread again to the Major's face as he turned to the telephone.

"Hello! Is that Huntley? Here's a go. Weather report from Halifax, thick fog—and it's spreading right down to the coast. Did you fill up with gas before leaving Halifax?"

There was a short pause, and then the answer came back: "No; I didn't. Bit awkward—what?"

"It is," said the Major. "What are you going to do?"

"Well, I think you'd better find out the nearest place I can go to, and don't make it too far away."

"Right ho! Keep talking, and we'll keep in touch with you."

"Good. At present I am steering E.S.E. I can see nothing of the ground. Engines going well. Clear up above. The passenger is trying to communicate with me. Got wind up, perhaps. What shall I tell her? Any official statement to pass?"

"Hello, Huntley! It's thick for a large radius from you, and likely to spread and get thicker. I'm beastly sorry."

"Ha! What shall I tell the old lady?"

"Hang the old lady, man! Don't you realize your position?"

"I'm to hang her—on the aerial?"

"Huntley—Huntley—are you quite O.K.?"

"Oh, perfectly. Don't worry, Major, I've got—um—let me see—nine gallons of gas left—that should carry me to—to—— Here we are——" The voice ended in a shout and then silence, from which the frantic Major could get no reply.

* * * * *

A traffic officer came into the watch-tower.

"'Fraid he's crashed, Major," he said. "We could hear his engines quite distinctly up to a point—they stopped so suddenly! Curse the fog!"

The Major took off his 'phones and walked wearily over to his desk. "Another good pilot gone."

(Continued on Page 20)

Just before leaving San Diego for New York

Left to Right: Donald Hall, designer of the "Spirit of St. Louis"; Adolph Edwards, of the Ryan Airlines, builders of the ship; Captain Lindbergh and Colonel Harry Graham, of the U. S. Army Air Corps.

(International)

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The Flight with the Red Monoplane

Here is a story that takes a reader into the realms of the delightful land of fancy. And yet fancy, which, in a not too distant day, might become fact. The rapid strides of aviation will find the future of travel across the seas one of speed and ease.

WASHINGTON'S lights glowed in the distance across the Potomac. It was a beautiful night for flying, although the sky was overcast in the east. The Paris Express had just landed, via New York.

"You sent for me, Major?" The Major looked up from his papers as the speaker entered the watch-tower.

"Yes," he said, "I sent for you, Stokes, because you are the senior pilot on the 'drome and also the most reliable."

Stokes looked rather surprised at this praise from the usually only too critical Major. "What's up?" he asked. "Got a job for me?"

"Yes," answered the Major. "A rush trip to Italy. Just look down there a minute. There's your passenger—the man in the bowler, carrying an attache case."

Stokes gave a casual glance down, and then turned to the Major with a start of astonishment. "Why," he gasped, "that's ——"

"Sh!" said the Major. "No names. I expected you'd recognize him, though. Well, he's your passenger. In this envelope is the name of the town to which you are to take him. Don't open it until you are actually in the air, and then destroy it. There is a strong foreign opposition—they have made two attempts on his life this week already—and he is going by air to ensure his safe arrival. He's got some important State papers in that attache case, and there's a conference on this afternoon in the town named in that envelope, at which those papers must be produced. I don't think the foreign intelligence can have got wind of his going. Report as soon as you've landed him, and come straight back. Your responsibility ends when he sets foot on Italian soil. Understand?"

Stokes nodded. "Sure," he said. "Well, the sooner I'm off, the better, I suppose. Cheer-ho."

Hastily donning his flying gear, he walked over to where the aeroplane was waiting, its engine gently ticking over, in readiness for the flight. The passenger was already seated inside, so he climbed up and took off with all possible speed.

If he could have seen some fifty miles along his course he would have perceived an unusual sight. In a large field amid sparsely inhabited country stood a large red monoplane. Two tents which had stood beside the machine were being hastily stowed away in the after part; while forward a man who was adjusting his flying helmet urged the workers on.

"Hurry! Hurry! He'll be over us soon! Karl" One of the men came forward — "what type of machine are we to expect—civilian or Service?"

"Civilian, sir."

"And he left at—?"

"Eleven-fifteen, sir. He reported by wireless that all was well at eleven twenty-five. He was then thirty-three miles from us." The man looked at his watch. "It is eleven-thirty-five, so he is now about fifteen miles away."

"Good," said the first speaker. "Is all ready?" The other cast a hasty glance around him. "All ready, sir."

"Then we'll get off with all possible haste."

"Very good, sir."

The men climbed into the machine, which soon took off. It flew at an incredible speed, and yet its engine worked so silently that it appeared to be propelled by some magic force. It climbed rapidly to a great height, where it circled round and round, waiting for the machine to pass.

"I wish we might use an incendiary bullet," said the man addressed as Karl, wistfully. "It is so much surer than any other way."

"You are a fool!" replied the other, calmly.

"It is of vital importance that we obtain those papers; we can then shoot him afterwards. But if we set fire to the machine the papers will be burnt, too, and we shall only have performed half our task."

"What are your plans, then?"

"My plans need not worry you. You are here to obey orders, Karl —that is all! Rafski knows all there is any necessity to know, and he is a good pilot. You will see."

Meanwhile the machine had crossed the coast-line. The pilot was just congratulating himself that the first part of their journey had been uneventful, when he was surprised to see a small piece of folded paper being passed to him through the little communication window at his side. He opened it and read:

"A red monoplane is overtaking us, and I don't like the looks of it."

The pilot wrote back with some difficulty, "Who do you think it is?"

Back came the reply, "If my suspicions are right, they'll stick at nothing. Got a gun?"

The pilot peered through the window and shook his head.

There was a pause, and then through the window came, "I've found a rifle hiden away, and some cartridges. If I can identify them I'll let you know, and you can manoeuvre to let me get a shot at their pilot."

Stokes nodded, but felt rather shocked at the cold-blooded way in which his passenger talked of shooting the other pilot He had been engaged in civil flying for so long now that he had almost forgotten that he had ever been in

Capt. Lindbergh and the "Spirit of St. Louis" at Curtis Field, N. Y., day before taking off for Paris (Wide World)

the A. E. F., shooting and being shot at as a regular routine. He felt rather as the driver of a motor-bus might feel on being asked to assist at the murder of a driver employed by a rival firm.

The whine of a bullet close to his ear considerably altered this train of thought, however. The big red monoplane shot by them, and he caught a glimpse of the still smoking barrel protruding from one of the windows. A wave of fury swept over him. These fellows were shooting at him—and in peace-time! Shooting at his favourite 'plane—the fastest in the company! Shooting without warning, and he hadn't even got a gun! He switched on his wireless, but there was no responding glow from the valves. "The Devil's with 'em!" groaned Stokes. "There's no time to fiddle with it now."

The red monoplane, some way ahead now, was climbing into a good for attack. Fast as the British machine certainly was, it had nothing like the speed of the monoplane, which was obviously of the very latest type.

As they climbed, the enemy discharged occasional shots which mercifully had no vital effect, although they left their mark on various parts of the machine.

"They want to frighten us down," thought Stokes. "It's the papers they're after, I suppose, and they don't want us to go down in flames or they'll lose 'em. Wily beasts! I'll be hanged if I'm scared down!"

Then the red 'plane dived at them again with a burst of rifle and revolver fire; and Stokes heard a voice shouting something — quite unintelligible amid all the din—which he guessed to be a command to land on the water. A bullet grazing his cheek lent force to the argument and testified to their improving markmanship.

All this time Stokes was steering an erratic course and trying by all the means in his power to bring his machine into a good position for his passenger to have a shot at the enemy. The swiftness of the monoplane balked him every time, however, and he was beginning to wonder how it would eventually end, when he saw another note coming through the window. It was brief, but to the point:

"Pretend they get you next time they come. Let the 'plane fall out of control. They won't sheer off so quickly then."

"Why didn't I think of that myself?" complained Stokes in a bitter undertone. "Takes a landsman to teach me my job, does it?"

The monoplane attacked again. This time Stokes reeled forward in his seat and pushed the 'plane into a dive. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the monoplane circling round waiting for him to crash. Suddenly Stokes pulled back the "joystick" and the machine came out of her dive and shot upwards as fast as she had fallen before. From behind Stokes a single shot rang out. The enemy pilot crumpled up in his seat, and the monoplane slipped sideways. With an effort Stokes righted his machine just in time to avoid a collision.

He circled round for awhile, and at last saw the monoplane crash into the sea. It was apparent that there could be no survivors, so he turned his machine on to its original course.

The flight had taken them where Stokes had no idea where he was. He turned his attention to the defunct wireless, and after much fumbling discovered the defect was nothing more serious than a disconnected terminal. He soon got in touch with the home aerodrome and was given his exact position—miles away from where he should have been.

"What on earth are you doing up there?" asked the Major, angrily. "This isn't a picnic, you know! You, of all men, to lose your way on a simple trip like this —and when speed is so essential, too!"

Stokes grinned to himself as he pictured the Major's contrition for his hastiness when he knew the truth, and added a few words to further annoy and mystify that worthy.

"Sorry, Major," he said, "we were seduced by the wonderful marine scenery—simply couldn't resist it!" And then as an inarticulate sound expressing disgust came through the 'phones — "Atmospherics are very bad today, aren't they? Spluttering like billy-o!"

The rest of the journey was uneventful, and the passenger was landed safely in good time for his conference. The cream of the whole affair, to Stokes, was the home-coming of the shot-riddled 'plane to the aerodrome.

The Major could hardly believe his eyes when, on coming off the watchtower, he saw the clips, rents and dents that were the souvenirs of the affair.

He took the smiling Stokes by the arm. "Your report, sir—ahem!—I apologize if anything I said today seemed brusque—ahem! —oh, damn it! Come and have a drink and tell us all about it."

The entire staff followed them into the canteen.

Aeroplane Death Call

(Continued from page 14)

Just then the wireless operator fairly jumped with excitement.

"He's down at Z——, sir!" he shouted. "They've just 'phoned through to say one of our machines has just landed. They say it's a miracle, because they've had continuous fog there. Can't understand it."

"Nor can I," said the Major in tones of strong relief. "Tell them to tie him up. Keep him away from that machine somehow. They're best kept apart."

The pilot's explanation of the apparent miracle came later.

"I was cruising about, feeling pretty blue, when I suddenly saw a little round hole in the fog with a field at the bottom of it. I dived at once and made the fastest landing I ever made. As we touched the ground the fog closed it again, and I had no more idea of where I was than you had. We should be sitting in the old 'bus yet if I hadn't heard some shouts. We set out towards them, and eventually discovered we were on Z—— aerodrome. I shall take your advice in future, Major. But then, I had to get the old dame home. Ye Gods! how she did talk about how Lindbergh would have landed her when he flew across the pond ten years ago."

Fueling up the plane before the start (Acme)

Paris—Crowd surging around "Spirit of St. Louis" when Lindy arrived at Le Bourget field
(International)

Paris—Captain Lindbergh, accompanied by President Doumergue of France and Ambassador Herrick, U. S., walking in gardens of Elysee after President Doumergue had decorated aviator
(Acme)

Paris—Left to right: Captain Lindbergh, President Doumergue of France and Ambassador Herrick as they appeared in front of the American Embassy
(International)

One of the first aeroplanes built by Wright Brothers

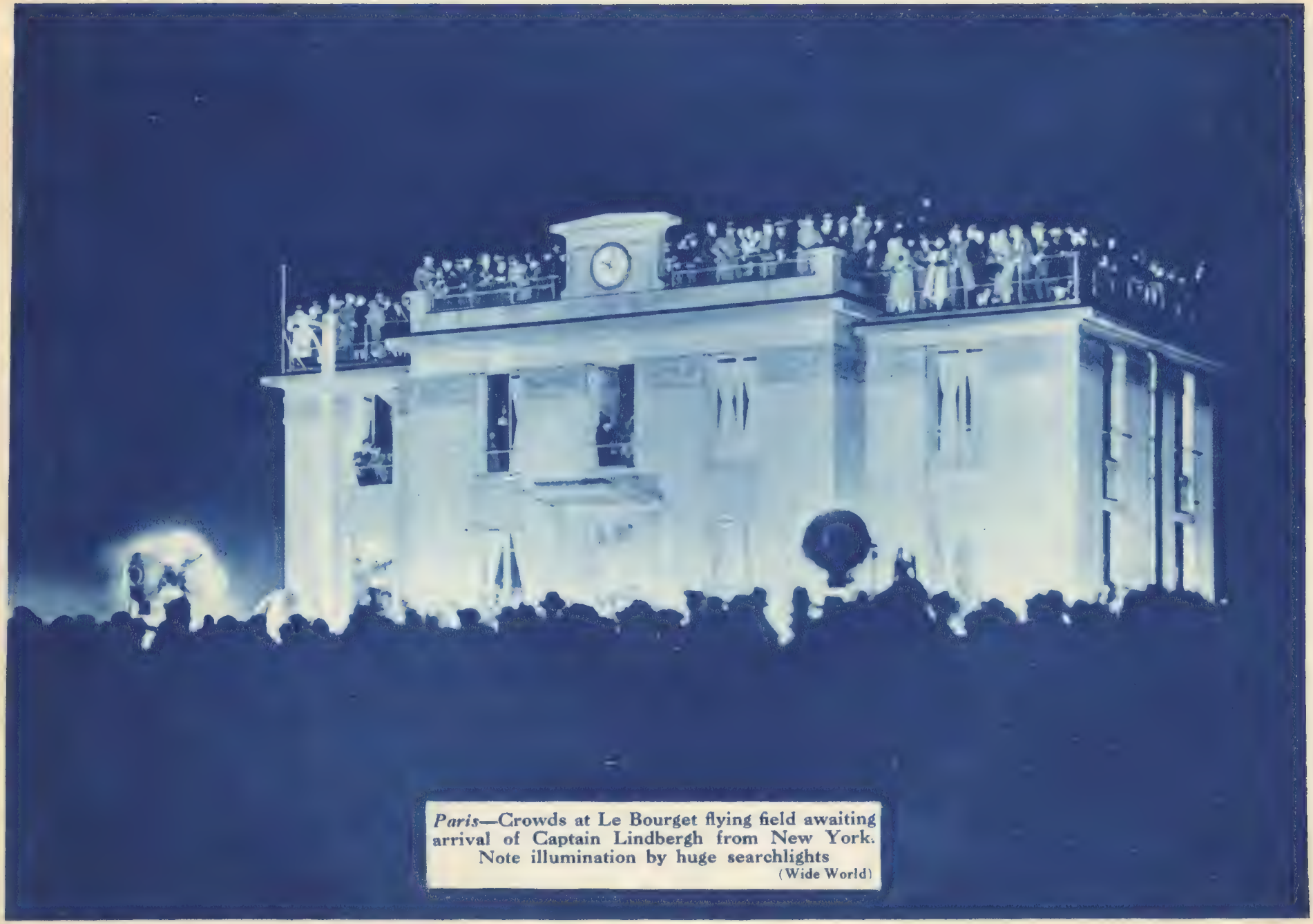
(International)

Paris—How Parisians crowded streets to greet our hero, Lindy (International)

Eight St. Louisans who backed Lindbergh's Paris Flight

The men responsible for the flight are: Upper Tier, L. to R.: Harold M. Bixby, President of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce; Harry Hall Knight, President of the St. Louis Flying Club; Harry F. Knight, St. Louis broker, and Major A. B. Lambert, long identified with aviation in St. Louis, a former balloonist and Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce Committee on Aeronautics. Lower Tier, L. to R.: J. D. Wooster Lambert; Major William B. Robertson, head of the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, for whom Lindbergh formerly flew as an air mail pilot; E. Lansing Ray, editor and publisher of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," and Earl C. Thompson, Vice-president of the Indemnity Company of America.

(Wide World)



Paris—Crowds at Le Bourget flying field awaiting arrival of Captain Lindbergh from New York. Note illumination by huge searchlights

(Wide World)

Banquet in Lindy's honor. Banquet to Captain Lindbergh in Le Bourget hangar where "Spirit of St. Louis" was stored

(International)

Paris — Military protecting Captain Lindbergh from crowd when leaving Le Bourget aerodrome where Lindy was formally received
(International)

Paris — Captain Lindbergh and Ambassador Herrick on balcony of American Embassy
(International)

Paris—French flag presented to Captain Lindbergh, accompanied by Ambassador Herrick, marching past and saluting

(International)